

HINTS ON SHOPPING.

By LADY GRAFT.

WE are now at the season of the year when the windows begin to be very alluring and presents are in the air, when, in fact,

"—they shop who never shopped before,
And they who always shopped now shop the more."

As to whether the word "shop" should be permitted to do double duty as a substantive and verb I have not made up my mind. I must ask Mr. ARCHER, of the Simplified Spelling Society, when next I see him in the stalls on a first night; and I want also to tell him that, if he is in want of a Lady Vice-President, surely MAUD DARRELL is marked out for the honours by every right. That self-sacrificing clipping of the final *e* is so very much what our dear Scotch WILLIE and ANDY of Skibo are desiring.

But to come to shopping—the season already gives signs of being a very remarkable one. Furs, for example, were never so fashionable or so much written about in the Press. Personally I favour sable; but that, of course, is not within the reach of everyone. You must be either a millionairess or a very influential lady-journalist to get that particular fur. My own set, which is perfectly new, could not be finer, and I have every reason to recommend the wonderful stock, at very reasonable prices, of the Lapland & Hairpuss Co., 999, Regent Street. For those who cannot afford sable there are minks and squirrel, and even the smaller domestic felidæ.

It is safe to say that never was a season with a better supply of novelties in dress than the present—a circumstance attributable to the dispersion of the amazing exhibits at Shepherd's Bush; but it has been computed by a statistician, none the less, that if every inch of the White City had been given to *modistes*, to the total exclusion of pictures, Canadian produce, flip-flaps and what not, it would not have been sufficient to contain half the Franco-British models which have been acquired by the millinery trade since the closing of the Exhibition. Be that as it may, London is fortunate in possessing an unprecedented stock of frocks and blouses, and no woman any longer has any excuse for ever wearing the same clothes twice. In this embarrassment of riches the choice is a difficulty; but, if I may be permitted to offer an opinion, I would say that no shop is likely to treat you better than Messrs. B. COMING & Co., of 2403, Oxford Street, whose Salome tea-gowns are the rage of the moment, causing countless young men to lose their heads daily. I have one, and I know.



Tramp. "WILL YER GIVE ME SOMETHIN' TO EAT, MISSUS? I'M THAT THIRSTY I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO SLEEP TO-NIGHT!"

And the dear chicks—it is to be a great Christmas for them. Uncontrollable peals of laughter I already seem to hear (with my mind's ear, *Horatio!*) as they unpack one after another of the delightfully droll toys that are now being displayed for them, the happy lucky mites! At Messrs. JOAKES, for example, are the most fascinating mechanical toys, including a Suffragette who waves a banner, with "Votes for Women" on it, with incredible realism; and there are, of course, any number of flying machines and Teddy bears. Merely to see them sets one longing to be young again in the dear old nursery

days. Many will be the anxious appeals outside Messrs. JOAKES's fascinating window this month, of "Mummy, do let us go in here!" Ah, the modern Mummies—what a wonderful age to be born into, with Messrs. JOAKES stocking every shelf and corner for them, and the papers open to receive unprejudiced advice as to where to shop! This is indeed the millennium.

"Nearly new Sheffield plate tea-service, in velvet-lined box, 35/-, or exchange for gentleman. — *The Lady.*"

These sneers, however, do not really advance the Suffragettes' cause.

THE ORDEAL BY DISSOLUTION.

[To the PRIME MINISTER; recalling his declaration at Manchester in regard to the Licensing Bill: "On the result of the fight we have staked our political existence."]

So, Sir, the Peers in their Palace of Leisure,
Which the occasion had painfully packed,
Seem, by report, to have taken your measure
(Pardon the phrase) and returned it intact.

You and your honour were staked on the issue;
You were to stand or to fall with your Bill;
Now is the test, and we all of us wish you
Joy of asserting the weight of your will.

See, they have flung you the challenging gauntlet,
Plush on the surface and iron inside;
Here is your chance of redeeming your vauntlet,
Also the option of eating your pride.

Meanwhile, in view of the time and exertion
Spent on the holiday task of your House—
Useless, except that it caused a diversion
Grateful to numbers of pheasants and grouse—

If (and the Radical papers have said it)—
If the conclusion was really fore-known,
Shall I be wrong when I say that the credit
Oughtn't to lie with the Peerage alone?

Then as to Temperance—even a Tory,
Even the worst of us, *even a Peer*,
Doesn't (believe me) instinctively glory
In the excessive consumption of beer.

Some of us wish that the snares might be fewer
Luring to misery, squalid and lean;
Only, we argue, in bleeding the brewer,
See that the blade of your weapon is clean.

But, to recur to the question of daggers
Drawn for the fray, I am anxious to see
Whether the People, the pendulum-waggers,
Stick to their choice in the duel to be.

Here's to your nerve! may it never grow flabby,
Flinching before an inferior host;
Victory or the alternative Abbey!
Surely you cannot go back on your boast!

Yet, it appears, in the Palace of Leisure
Doubts are expressed of your courage and grit;
You were to stand or to fall with your measure;
Surely you cannot be meaning to sit! O. S.

According to the *A. B. C. Railway Guide* the 5.5 P.M. Sunday train from Brighton to London runs only on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. This arrangement has been made to meet the scruples of those who object to travelling on the Sabbath.

"Wanted, Cavies, or offers for 50 strawberry plants and telescope."
Fur and Feather.

Voice from the Library window:—"John! As soon as you've given the cavy his bran mash, run down to the strawberry bed. There's a slug on the forty-third plant from the end."

"The Chief Secretary . . . looks forward to the day when the grass lands will be occupied by a race of small agriculturists with mixed farms partly tilled and partly arable."—*The Daily Telegraph.*
Something else besides the farms seems mixed here.

DISCURSIONS.

MRS. BOBRINSKY AGAIN.

My housekeeper, Mrs. BOBRINSKY, has strong views on many subjects, the lift-boy being, as I have said on a previous occasion, one of them. She has no belief in lift-boys as a class, and she considers that the particular boy who works the lift in the mansions in which I occupy a flat is the most incompetent and desperate specimen that ever got stuck half-way to the top-floor. This happened to him the day before yesterday, and Mrs. BOBRINSKY, taking advantage of his discomfiture, did not fail to tell him that she had told him so. The lift-boy, having answered her by one of his most piercing cat-calls, paid no further attention to her compliments.

Mrs. BOBRINSKY has, however, now added to her gallery of aversions the girl who, till yesterday, had helped her in the service of my flat. This girl, I may say, was kept rigorously in the background of the kitchen, and though I was encouraged to assume her existence I was never permitted to set eyes on her. Her departure, therefore, has left no void in me. Up to yesterday she was; to-day she is not. "I sent 'er about 'er business," said Mrs. BOBRINSKY, adding subsequently that ambition (in the direction of becoming a cook) had ruined every prospect of happiness in their relations. I was also asked to mark Mrs. BOBRINSKY's words that the girl would come to no good.

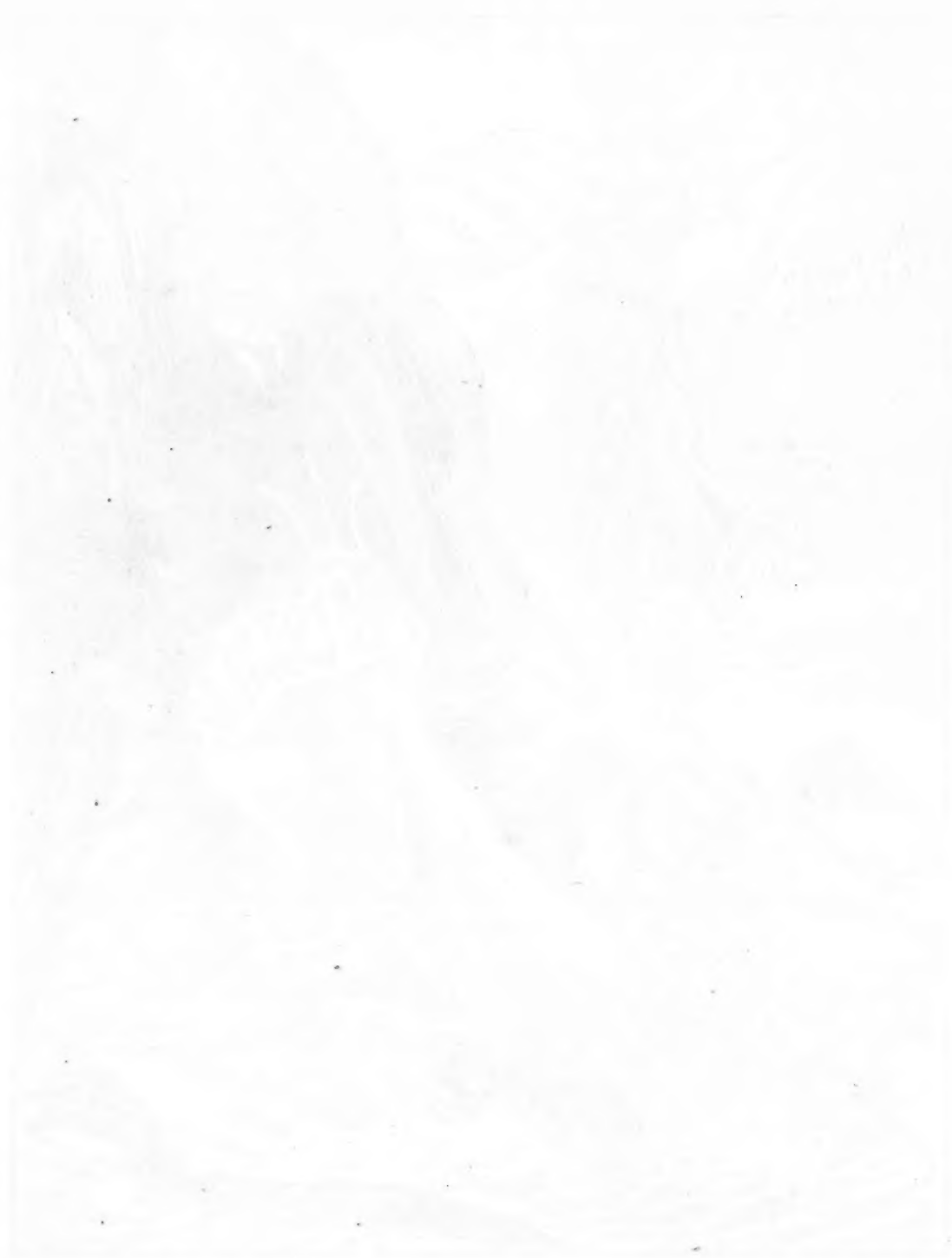
"I never could get 'er to fetch no errands," continued Mrs. BOBRINSKY, "she was that flighty." And she's left the prints of 'er 'ands on the walls and the furniture. It'll be difficult to wash 'em off for fear of the paper and paint. She'd bin a between, 'alf up 'alf down, to a lady at Maidenhead. It was a funny 'ouse by 'er account of it. The lady 'ad one set o' friends and 'er 'usband 'ad another set, and they both lived in two different 'ouses. "Separated?" I asked. "Well, not exactly what you might call separated," said Mrs. BOBRINSKY, "but not livin' together. This girl got ten shillings a week there, which is a wicked price to pay a girl like that, and now and then the lady give 'er servants presents. The cook got a gold watch and the girl got a silver chain with a medallion. 'Owver it all come to an end, because there was trouble about the rent.

"When the girl come 'ere I could see directly she wasn't one o' my sort. She'd set there dreamin' when she ought to 'ave bin up and workin', and she'd sing bits o' songs to me in the kitchen—things she'd picked up from the barril-organs, all of 'em very slow and sorrowful. She said she was tryin' to cheer 'erself up. She never was quick on 'er legs except when the postman knocked, and then she was up and at the door in two twos, always expectin' somebody was goin' to write to 'er. No, not love-letters. Letters from the cook or the 'ousemaid in 'er last place. She'd take 'em to bed with 'er and set up 'uggin' them or readin' them like a book. She'd read 'em over and over agin and say if she could 'ave a 'undred letters every day she could die quite 'appy; but she only got four all the time she was 'ere, and that seemed to make 'er mope.

"She reminded me o' my brother's wife, ELLEN—'er that got paralysed and couldn't speak, only say 'Yum, yum,' and move 'er 'ead about. A sad trial she was to my brother. 'E was in a 'ussar regiment before 'e married 'er, and when 'e went to India we used to write to 'im, and we always ended our letters by sayin', 'Love from the Cook.' We was all cooks then, me and my two sisters and my aunt, and we thought 'e'd see the joke. But 'e wasn't one for jokes, and



PERSEA AND ANDROMEDUS.





Archibald (in trousers for the first time—to Rector). "I SAY, WHAT'S THE COLOUR OF YOUR BRACES?"

'e got it fixed in 'is mind that there was a real cook kep' in 'iding for 'im somewhere. And when 'e come back ELLEN was the first cook 'e met, so 'e put two and two together and married 'er.

"'E was very 'andy about the 'ouse, 'avin' bin a soldier, and when ELLEN went all down her right side 'e did all the tidyin' and cooked for 'isselt too. Pore thing, she didn't last long. But my brother 'ad a beautiful memorial card done for 'er by one o' them poets that the undertaker recommended—something about 'er bein' 'lost to view in the clouds above, but I'll remember you and all your love'—I can't rightly recollect it. Still, it was a mercy she was took, because she'd only 'ave bin a misery to 'erselt and everybody else."

LOVE, IN AND OUT OF.

THERE are three degrees of intimacy—acquaintance, friendship and love. Thus the Young Man becomes acquainted with the parent, feigns friendship for the son, but really loves the daughter.

I am one of the son class. When love comes in at the door, I go out by the window.

I do not, however, remain outside on the damp, cold grass. I go elsewhere, if only for the satisfaction of causing to other sons that discomfort which I myself suffer.

Proposals may be oral or written. If oral, the voice should be slightly raised and each word clearly enunciated. If written, only one side of the paper must be used, and the name and address of the proposer on no account omitted.

Printed forms of proposal are much used, but almost exclusively by Insurance Companies.

You may be asked during the proceedings to "name the happy day." The day referred to is your wedding day.

Every man should remember that, in the ordinary way, if he has reached 3 P.M. without getting married, he is, by a merciful dispensation of ecclesiastical law, safe for that day at any rate.

Make a point of never rising before lunch and never lunching before 2:30 P.M. and you may escape matrimony altogether.

The best man is so called because he has the worst job. It is for him to kiss the bride, and that without option of a fine.

Even for the looker-on the wedding function is not all beer and skittles. It is more frequently a warmish glass of rather bad champagne.

It is quite right to suppose that Settlements are made at the earliest stage. The name is misleading, for the trouble is only just beginning.

When booking tickets for the honeymoon, the husband may just as well book right through for both. He will not be allowed to get out at the first stop and come home by himself.

Italy on the Dorando-Hayes Race.

Unus homo nobis Dorando restituit rem.

CHARIVARIA.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA's charming book of photographs is published on an entirely new system. The purchasers get all the royalties.

The German KAISER "gave an audience" last week to the new British Ambassador. The report that he "granted him an interview" is incorrect and malicious.

At the instigation of Great Britain and Russia, the SHAH has withdrawn the rescript in which he announced that he would not summon a Parliament. His reported reason for changing his mind is that he thought it would be a pity to set a bad example to Russia.

At a number of churches at Ottawa the services were recently conducted without music because, on account of the water famine, there was no power to supply wind for the organs. It remains to be seen what effect this will have on the religious life of Canada.

An American contemporary refers to Mr. ROCKEFELLER's "greasy smile." The epithet should surely be "oily"?

"There are at the present moment in the House of Commons men sitting there who are in danger of falling and who know they are in danger of falling," said Mr. J. E. ELLIS, M.P., in his address on Drink. Recent by-elections have certainly shown how difficult it is nowadays for Liberals to retain their seats.

The reassuring statement that anyone meeting a party of the lunatics to whose public perambulations the residents of Epsom have taken exception would be unable to distinguish them from the ordinary inhabitants, is causing grave offence in the district.

While a witness was being cross-examined in Mr. Justice DARLING's Court last week, Mr. BOWER, K.C., remarked to him, "Do not try to be funny." It is only right that our judges' prerogatives should be jealously guarded.

The Central News informs us that a Los Angeles man has been granted a divorce from his wife on the remarkable ground that she had got into the habit of bathing the children in gasoline to save time and trouble. This latest development of the "nettoyage à sec" process is certainly interesting.

Two men who were fined £3 each at Bournemouth for begging, last week, were found to be in possession of no

less than £7 19s. 0d. We have carefully considered the figures, and have come to the conclusion that it was still worth the men's while.

"Labour omnia vincit," says *The New Age*. This mute protest of the dead language against American spelling is touching.

We note the appearance of *The King's English. Abridged for School Use*. We are sorry that our youth should be officially encouraged in the vicious habit of clipping words.

The Liverpool Evening Echo gave us a list, the other day, of

"STINGUISHED INVALIDS." Fortunately, in spite of the ominous head line, they all appeared to be doing pretty well.

Included in a number of goods left in the racks of Great Western Railway carriages and sold last week was a skull. It does not speak very well for the vigilance of G.W.R. officials that it should be possible for any one to leave one of their premises minus this important feature without attracting attention.

KING PETER, we are told, is now suffering from a slight impediment in his speech, and does not at present grant interviews. This flattery of imitation puts the German KAISER in an awkward position. An entente with Serbia might go far to endanger the well-known unanimity of the Triple Alliance.

The New York Marathon Race between HAYES and DORANDO resulted in a terrible fiasco. DORANDO won.

"In the twenty-fifth mile," we read, "some of the spectators hissed DORANDO under the impression that he had prevented one of the American's efforts to pass him by shooting out his right arm." But surely, even if this had happened, it would not have been considered unsportsmanlike in America? Or is it only permissible in the case of Americans, like CARPENTER, whom, by the way, President ROOSEVELT has delighted to honour with a special cup for the race in which he was disqualified by the Committee of the Olympic Games for foul running?

"The trousers were not necessities," said the Judge in dismissing a claim against a minor last week at the Westminster County Court. The cult of Salome progresses.

Great Professions. No. I.

"CARPET REPAIRER. Repairation of lacerated and full of holes vestements."—*The Egyptian Gazette*.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

"In conversation," said somebody (I think it was my grandfather), "there should always be a give and take. The ball must be kept rolling." If he had ever had a niece two years old, I don't think he would have bothered.

"What's that?" said MARGERY, pointing suddenly.

"That," I said, stroking it, "is dear uncle's nose."

"What's that?"

"Take your finger away. Ah, yes, that is dear uncle's eye. The left one."

"Dear uncle's left one," said MARGERY thoughtfully. "What's it doing?"

"Thinking."

"What's 'thinking'?"

"What dear uncle does every afternoon after lunch."

"What's lunch?"

"Eggs, sardines, macaroons—everything."

With a great effort MARGERY resisted the temptation to ask what "everything" was (a difficult question), or what everything was doing (a still more difficult one), and made a statement of her own.

"Santa Claus bring Margie a balloon from Daddy," she announced.

"A balloon! How jolly!" I said with interest. "What sort are you having? One of those semi-detached ones with the gas laid on, or the pink ones with a velvet collar?"

"I own chimney," said MARGERY.

"Oh, that kind. Do you think—I mean, isn't it rather—"

"Tell MARGIE a story about a balloon."

"Bother," I murmured.

"What's 'bother'?"

"'Bother' is what you say when relations ask you to tell them a story about a balloon. It means, 'But for the fact that we both have the MONTMORENCY blood in our veins, I should be compelled to decline your kind invitation, all the stories I know about balloons being stiff 'uns.' It also means, 'Instead of talking about balloons, won't you sing me a little song?'"

"Nope," said MARGERY.

"Bother, she's forgotten her music."

"What did you say, uncle dear; what did you say?"

I sighed and began.

"Once upon a time there was a balloon, a dear little toy balloon, and—and—"

"What's that?" asked MARGERY, making a dab at my chest. "What's that, uncle dear?"

"That," I said, "is a button. More particularly, a red waistcoat button. More particularly still, my top red waistcoat button."

"What's that?" she asked, going down one.

Man's Best Christmas Box

—a case of
SOMERVILLE'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
 GUARANTEED 10 YEARS OLD

Sample half bottle sent
 post free, on receipt
 of 2/-



The most acceptable and satisfactory Christmas present you can send your friends—business or personal—is a case of this genuine Scotch Whisky direct from Scotland. Every drop is over 10 years old. We will take all trouble off your hands. Send us the full names and addresses of your friends—state the quantity to be sent to each, and enclose your cheque. We will do the rest and will arrange that delivery is made before Christmas Eve.

Business houses will find this a most satisfactory, economical and time-saving means of distributing Christmas remembrances to their trade friends. Special terms for large orders. Write for particulars.

3 bottles post free 11/-

6 bottles 21/6

12 bottles 42/-

Securely packed and cased, carriage paid to nearest railway station.

Here is an opportunity to obtain the finest Whisky that Scotland can produce—fully matured and very mellow—at wholesale trade price. Try it in your home; if you do not find it the very best Scotch Whisky you ever tasted, return it to us at our expense, and we will refund your money. We, as the producers, absolutely guarantee the age and quality.

JOHN SOMERVILLE & CO., Ltd., Distillers,
 Established 1826. Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

SPECIAL OFFER ORDER FORM

To Messrs. John Somerville & Co., Ltd.,
 Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance, value _____ for which please send me _____ bottles of your Specially Selected Fully Guaranteed Ten Years Old Scotch Whisky, on condition that if it is not absolutely the finest whisky I have ever tasted I am at liberty to return it to you and you will refund my money.

Punch, 2/12/08.

Name _____

Full Address _____

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- that fills itself in a flash from any ink supply
- that never leaks
- that writes smoothly and speedily, and never splutters.

The Onoto can be obtained at all Stationers', Jewellers', and stores, price 10/6, and in a variety of more elaborate styles for presentation purposes. Ask for the

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IMPORTANT.—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new G—has this year been put on the market.

It is exceptional value for the money. Try the new G at your stationer's.

A booklet describing the various models free on application to

Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd.,
 290, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.



Madam! whenever you feel a chill coming on, take you a hot footbath with a spoonful of Colman's Mustard in it. A footbath taken thus will prevent the chill from developing. It will stimulate nature's forces to resist the attack.

COLMAN'S

D.S.F. MUSTARD



This illustration
of the Razor
its actual
size.



One Guinea Set
Includes silver-plated Razor and
12 Blades in Morocco Grain Case.

Thirty Shilling Set
Includes silver-plated Razor and 12 Blades,
Badger hair Lather Brush, and stick of
Shaving Soap in plated holders enclosed in
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Save Time, Save Temper

—Use a Gillette.

Men who value their time, who value their appearance, and who like their faces to be free from the ugly disfigurement of sticking-plaster—those are the men who appreciate the Gillette Razor most.

The Gillette Safety Razor is used by nearly 2,000,000 men because they have found that it

**Makes shaving simpler,
Makes it a comfort and a pleasure,
Dispenses with all its torture,
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Insist on having only the Gillette.

Booklet illustrating the Gillette Razor and the many useful companion sets in which it is included may be had on application (mention *Punch*) from

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Gillette Safety Razor

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HOTEL NASSAU THE ENGLISH HOME.
Of World-wide Reputation.
Unique Location, facing Kurhaus.
Moderate Tariff.
WIESBADEN

Anderson's
Three Star
Scotch
Whisky

For Refined Palates

Second to none for
purity, refinement
of bouquet and
mellowness

A Spirit of Note

Write for Booklet, with Special Offer:
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SPROCK'S

'Never require grinding.'
Made in Sheffield, England
Ground in
Germany.

Black Handles, 6s. each; Ivory Han-
dles, 7s. 6d. each. Sprock's Razor
Strops, Pocket and Table Cutlery.
From all Outlets & Hairdressers.
Wholesale: Parton, Son & Co. Ltd.
4 & 6, Bull Ring, Birmingham

RAZORS.

The latest Success is

*"Capstan"
Mixture!*

4 1/2 per Oz.

An Ideal Pipe Tobacco

**POUDRE
D'AMOUR**

Prepared by Picard Frères,
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**A TOILET POWDER
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
PURE AND HARMLESS.**

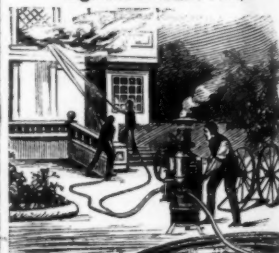
Blanche, Naturelle, Rose, Sachet, 1s. per box.

MISS VANE FEATHERSTONE says
"I have already sampled the white for my
arms, and found it excellent."

OF PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, &c.
Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Ltd.

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Light Portable "Valiant" Steam Fire
Engine and Estate Pump.



"Valiant" as a Fire Engine.
An Engineer writes: "The 'Valiant' has done
excellent service in three large fires recently, and
has also been used as a Pumping Engine, in which
capacity it proved most useful."
Weight only 4 cwt. Write for Pamphlet T.M.E. 2
83, Long Acre, W.C., London.



Dealer. "E'S AS CLEVER AS A WAGGON LOAD O' MONKEYS, AND AS FOR JUMPIN', WITH A LIGHT WEIGHT LIKE YOU, I BELIEVE 'E'D 'OP OVER THAT"—(pointing to obstacle composed of railway sleepers and barbed wire)—"BEFORE YE KNEW WHERE YE WERE."

Patron. "YES, I DESSAY HE WOULD."

[Postpones purchase indefinitely.]

"That is a button. Description: second red waistcoat—Parents living: both—Infectious diseases: scarlet fever slightly once."

"What's that?"

"That's a—ah, yes, a button. The third. A good little chap, but not so chubby as his brothers. He couldn't go down to Margate with them last year, and so, of course—Well, as I was saying, there was once a balloon, and —"

"What's tha—a—at?" said MARGERY, bending forward suddenly and kissing it.

"Look here, you've jolly well got to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with the next question. As a matter of fact, though you won't believe me, that again is a button."

"What's that?" asked MARGERY, digging at the fifth button.

"Owing to extreme pressure on space," I began. "Thank you. That also is a button. Its responsibility is greater than that of its brethren. The crash may come at any moment. Luckily it has booked its passage to the — Where was I? Oh yes—well, this balloon —"

"What's that?" said MARGERY, pointing to the last one.

"I must have written notice of that question. I can't tell you offhand."

"What's that, uncle dear?"

"Well, I don't know, MARGIE. It looks something like a collar stud, only

somehow you wouldn't expect to find a collar stud there. Of course it may have slipped . . . Or could it be one of those red beads, do you think? . . . N-no, it isn't a bead . . . And it isn't a raspberry; because this is the wrong week for raspberries. Of course it might be a — By Jove, I've got it! It's a button!"

I gave the sort of war-whoop with which one announces these discoveries, and MARGERY whooped too.

"A button!" she cried. "A dear little button!" She thought for a moment. "What's a button?"

This was ridiculous.

"You don't mean to say," I reproached her, "that I've got to tell you now what a button is. That," I added severely, pointing to the top of my waistcoat, "is a button."

"What's that?" said MARGERY, pointing to the next one.

I looked at her in horror. Then I began to talk very quickly.

"There was once a balloon," I said rapidly, "a dear little boy balloon—I mean toy balloon, and this balloon was a jolly little balloon just two minutes old, and he wasn't always asking silly questions, and when he fell down and exploded himself they used to wring him out and say, 'Come come now, be a brave little balloon about it,' and so —"

"What's that?" asked MARGERY, pointing to the top button.

There was only one way out of it. I began to sing a carol in a very shrill voice. All the artist rose in MARGERY.

"Don't sing," she said hurriedly; "MARGIE sing. What shall MARGIE sing, uncle?"

Before I could suggest anything she was off. It was a scandalous song. She began by announcing that she wanted to be among the boys, and (anticipating my startled protests) assured me that it was no good kicking up a noise, because it was no fun going out when there weren't any boys about, you were so lonely—onely—onely . . .

Here the tune became undecided; and, a chance word recalling another context to her mind, she drifted suddenly into a hymn, and sang it with the same religious fervour as she had sung the other, her fair head flung back and her hazel eyes gazing into Heaven. . .

I listened carefully. This was a bit I didn't recognise. . . The tune wavered for a moment . . . and out of it these words emerged triumphant—

"Talk of me to the boys you meet.
Remember me kindly to Regent Street,
And give them my love in the —"

"What's that, uncle?"

"That," I said, stroking it, "is dear uncle's nose."

"What's —"

By the way, would you like it all over again? No? Oh, very well. A. A. M.

MANY MORE INVENTIONS.

ENGLAND STILL IN THE VAX.

THE remarkable account which recently appeared in *The Times* of Mr. Edison's new projects and ideas has led some unthinking and unpatriotic persons to suppose that inventive genius is the monopoly of America. Mr. Punch is therefore unfeignedly glad to inform his readers, as the result of careful inquiries in various quarters, that the Old Country is not merely holding her own, but evincing a marked superiority over all competitors in the enlargement of the domains of applied science.

Sir OLIVER LODGE, as we learned on inquiry at the University of Birmingham, is actively engaged on a series of elaborate experiments with a view to perfecting his new self-interviewing machine. The great objection to the employment of the ordinary interviewer—talented and stimulating though he often is—is that he only succeeds in eliciting from his subject those views which represent his normal consciousness. The peculiar feature of Sir OLIVER's machine, which may roughly be described as a radio-active planchette operated by a small gas-engine, is that it enables the self-interviewer to reveal in automatic script the workings of the subliminal consciousness. The results already achieved by the inventor have been most encouraging, and 'bid fair to supply enterprising editors with "copy" of a character and quality entirely transcending anything which has yet appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*. Without going into details we may content ourselves with stating that Sir OLIVER LODGE has discovered that his own personality is quite exceptionally multiple in its composition, including, amongst others, (1) an archbishop of high Anglican tendencies, (2) an acrobat with a speciality for performance on the wireless trapeze, (3) a Mexican cow-puncher with an extraordinary command of picturesque expletives, (4) a professional singer with a voice of abnormal profundity, (5) a Welsh rabbit with strong views on the subject of disestablishment.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON has been obliged to abandon all correspondence with the Press owing to the demands made on his leisure by his epoch-making experiments in hat-architecture. Realising that the gigantic headgear adopted by women of fashion has come to stay, Mr. ASHTON has concentrated his energies on devising a hat which shall combine the useful with the ornamental. Taking for his model the American "skyscraper," Mr. ASHTON has patented a hat which with a circumference of ten feet supports a superstructure of ten storeys, each of which forms a small apartment suitable for

accommodating provisions, pet animals, small children or musical instruments. The framework being of aluminium, it is possible to unite strength and lightness to an extraordinary degree, and by modelling the outlines now on those of a cinerary urn, now on those of a Tower of Silence or a Burmese Mortuary Pagoda, the patentee reconciles the claims of beauty with the demands of common sense. In conclusion Mr. ASHTON maintains that his invention has triumphantly solved the matinee problem, since as it would be absolutely impossible for ladies to wear his hats indoors, their universal adoption will render the removal of feminine headgear in the theatre compulsory.

Professor Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A., after several failures, has at last succeeded in overcoming the difficulties in the way of carrying out his plan of a motor painting-machine, which enables an artist, using the wheels of his car as a brush, to decorate the landscape with suitable designs. The tyres of the wheels are composed of compressed camel's hair; an ingenious apparatus makes it possible for the artist to squirt varying colours on to their surface as he goes along; while finally an auto-levitator enables him to surmount all obstacles, and travel across country, painting everything in his course. Professor Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER has already completed a gigantic group of portraits covering an area of twenty square miles in Bavaria, and is conducting negotiations with the United States Government with a view to decorating the whole of the Yellowstone Park with cartoons representing historic incidents in the growth of the great Republic.

Lord ROSSLYN, by no means discouraged by his recent bout with Sir HIRAM GORKI—we should say, MAXIM—has just completed a new system which is calculated not only to beat the Bank but to beat Banagher too. So deadly are its workings that it is understood on the Riviera that M. BLANC has given an order for a wrought steel zareba on the very latest pattern with which to surround the Casino in the hope of keeping his Lordship out. Meanwhile his Lordship is said to be on the point of visiting Le Mans to arrange with Mr. WILBER WRIGHT for some aerial means of approaching the Casino and entering with his conquering system by the roof.

Sir HIRAM MAXIM meanwhile has not been idle. Turning for the moment from lethal weapons, he has been bending his mighty brain upon the more pressing needs of peace—or, at any rate, of domestic politics. Among his recent inventions are the "Anti-Thorne Shutter" for bakers, being an easily fixed and impregnable shield against the attentions of any party of unen-

ployed or Graysonites who may call on the harmless purveyors of daily bread. Sir HIRAM has also perfected a new Suffragette chain, warranted unbreakable and proof against the file, which will keep a Suffragette in her place against railing or grille for ever if she likes. To this the name "The Zangwill" has been given, but a strong party is in favour of calling it "The Suffraghetto."

THE ARTICULATE APE.

A *Punch* representative, who is a student of the new monkey language which Professor RICHARD L. GARNER claims to have interpreted in the course of a long residence in the French Congo, was recently received at the monkey-house of the Zoo.

"Sani, the Guinea baboon," he writes, "sat pensively at the edge of the cage playing Patience with pieces of straw when I entered the monkey-house with a copy of Professor GARNER's newly-compiled dictionary of Monkeyish in one hand and a bag of nuts in the other.

"Sam paused in the playing with his straws, and stuck one in the corner of his mouth, like a racing tout. My idea was to try him with simple words first, so with a 'Khi-ia' I threw a monkey-nut at him. 'Khi-ia,' according to Professor GARNER, means 'Look out,' and Sam easily grasped my meaning. As the monkey-nut hit him on the nose he bounded out of reach. An excellent beginning.

"Then, because an adventurous green Macaque dropped from a swinging rope with a soft thud on Sam's head, the baboon fetched him a smack with his open palm, bared his teeth, and started to talk in undoubted Monkeyish.

"He said quite a lot in a long chitter-chatter that was as noisy as a burglar's rattle. It was chiefly idiom, with the strong provincial accent of New Guinea, and therefore difficult to follow. But I distinctly heard Sam mutter 'Qhui,' which in their phonetic language, according to Professor GARNER, means, 'Well, wait there a moment, I want to get at you.'

"A-ou-hou!" screamed the green Macaque, followed by a phrase which a hasty glance at the dictionary told me was equivalent to 'Chase me, blue-face!'

"The chief fault in Professor GARNER's dictionary is that it contains no handy conversational phrases in the manner of OLLENDORFF. It would have been pleasant, for in-



THE PROSE OF SUPERSTITION.

Venerable Invalid. "YES, MISS, I 'AD SUCH A BOOTIFUL DREAM LAST NIGHT. I DREAMT AS 'OW MY OLE MAN 'AD COME BACK, AND WAS SITIN' BESIDE ME, AND TOOK MY 'AND, AND STROKE AND STROKE IT. NOW, MISS, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY THAT BETOKE? I SHOULD TAKE IT AS A SIGN OF RUIN!"

stance, to have asked the Congo blue-moustached monkey, the one with the face like a carved Japanese idol, who was dangling from a rope and fondling his pale yellow whiskers with his disengaged hand, 'Good day, Sir. Have you the monkey-nut of your father's cousin?'

"It would have been nice to say to the Mona monkey—him with the pink nose and the white chest-protector—'No, but my brother has the blue feathers of the gardener's wife's hat.'

"The best opening that Professor GARNER provides is 'Our'h' (pronounced as if someone had just punched you in a vital part), meaning, 'Hello, there, my friend, where are you?'

"So I stood opposite the Amber Baboon—William, I think his name is—as he sat like a philosopher doing arithmetical sums on his fingers and toes, raised my hat and remarked, 'Our'h,' with a friendly nod. The effect was instantaneous.

"William bounded a yard into the air, went round thrice on a revolving wheel, tore down a festoon of little

sleeping monkeys, and finally came at me hand-over-foot down the wire netting. Something seemed to have upset him. A bar of hairy steel shot out at me and snatched my precious dictionary from my hand.

"It was plain that William was not a nice-tempered monkey. He sat on his hunkers and said things which were not in the dictionary. I transcribed in shorthand as follows: 'A-grr-rr-wow-yah-bah-PHUT!!' His language would have shocked Professor GARNER. Then he ate my dictionary.

"After that I lost heart. Jamrach's Mangabey, whom I approached with a cordial 'En-uh,' which means 'Here I am, old fellow,' declined to be drawn into conversation, and sat like a little grey old man with mournful eyes as if he pitied me.

"The Mozambique monkey rolled up his eyes when I ventured on 'Chu-h,' which means 'Permit me to offer you a nut. Eh, what? what?' and a brown thing whose face was like a smudged three-colour-process print shrugged its

shoulders and spread out its palms as who should say, 'I do not follow you.'

"It may be that my accent was wrong, or it may be that the monkeys, through long absence, have forgotten their own language. But, frankly, it was a disappointing day, and next time I shall simply go and make a noise like a monkey-nut."

"There was a pathetic scene at the Cornhusker training table after the game last night. Coach Cole accompanied his pupils to supper and after the meal was finished gave them a little talk. With tears streaming down his cheeks and with all the players crying, he told them what he expected to do with the team this year, and how he had banked on capturing the Missouri valley championship."—*The Omaha Daily Bee.*

Of course, when the Americans play each other, one American side has to lose, and then these pathetic scenes occur.

"Devon Albion 5 pints, Falmouth nothing." —*Leicester Daily Mercury.*

Think of it—not even a small sherbet for the Falmouth team. Our sympathies go out to them.



Keeper (to Friend of the Family). "If you do see a fox, sir, mind you shoot 'un, an' then just holler out 'ARRINGTON! WOUNDED BIRD!' an' I'll be round an' bury 'un up wi' leaves afore anyone's any the wiser!"

LIGHTER MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

In connection with the recent discovery of a genuine comic song in twelve verses, words, music, and patter, by RICHARD WAGNER, we are assured that such manuscripts are by no means rare. The following advertisement of a well-known firm of Vocal Publishers is expected to appear shortly in *The Era* :—

Look! Look! NIGHT AND SHOOTER'S
Topicalities again on Top!

Season 1908-9.

N. S. & Co.'s special list of Classic
Comics. All safe Panto Winners.
All the Latest Discoveries.

No. 1. Principal Boys should not fail to
secure—

"In the Moon-Moonlight."

Words and music by FELIX BEETHOVEN.
Never before published.
A sure hit everywhere.

No. 2. A splendid screamer—

**"Something's Gone Wrong with
my Band Parts."**

Written and composed by MOZART, sen.
This Positive Cert should be secured at
once.

No. 3. Comedians wire to-day for—

"Variations on the 'Op."

(With dance.)

One of BRAHMS's Brightest.
Chorus whistled after first hearing!

No. 4. Special for Serio-Comics!

We want you to hear—

"Sitting on the Counterpoint."

SPRING'S Sparklet. Goes with a bang.
Any amount of encore verses.

No. 5. For Serios, the catch of the season
will be

"Too Loud at Forte."

BACH at his best.
SEBASTIAN has Got There this time.
Nothing like it since *My Old Dutch*.

Panto Rights of above on application.
Others to follow. Send for detailed
Catalogue.

We can make you a success!

"Moore's 'Song of the Shirt' is as true to-
day as when it was written—in France at all
events."—*The Sunday Chronicle*.

That may be; but HOOD's "Song of
the Shirt" is nearer still to the
truth.

TOLD BY A LITTLE BIRD.

[Military photographs are being taken by
cameras attached to carrier pigeons.]

A NEW device for photographing
fortifications has been discovered. You
coat the underside of sparrows with
sensitive gélatine. These are afterwards
enlarged (the photographs, not the
sparrows).

Trained carriers with phonographs
attached will be despatched to the next
German military manœuvres. This will
save the awkwardness of interviews.

White ducks will be issued to the
Navy next summer.

"R.H.A." will in future stand for
Royal Hawk Artillery.

The Legion of Frontiersmen is examin-
ing into the value of rabbits for
collecting information in war-time.

Meantime gulls are being freely
employed for the acquisition of fresh
news about the engagement of the
Duke of ABRUZZI.

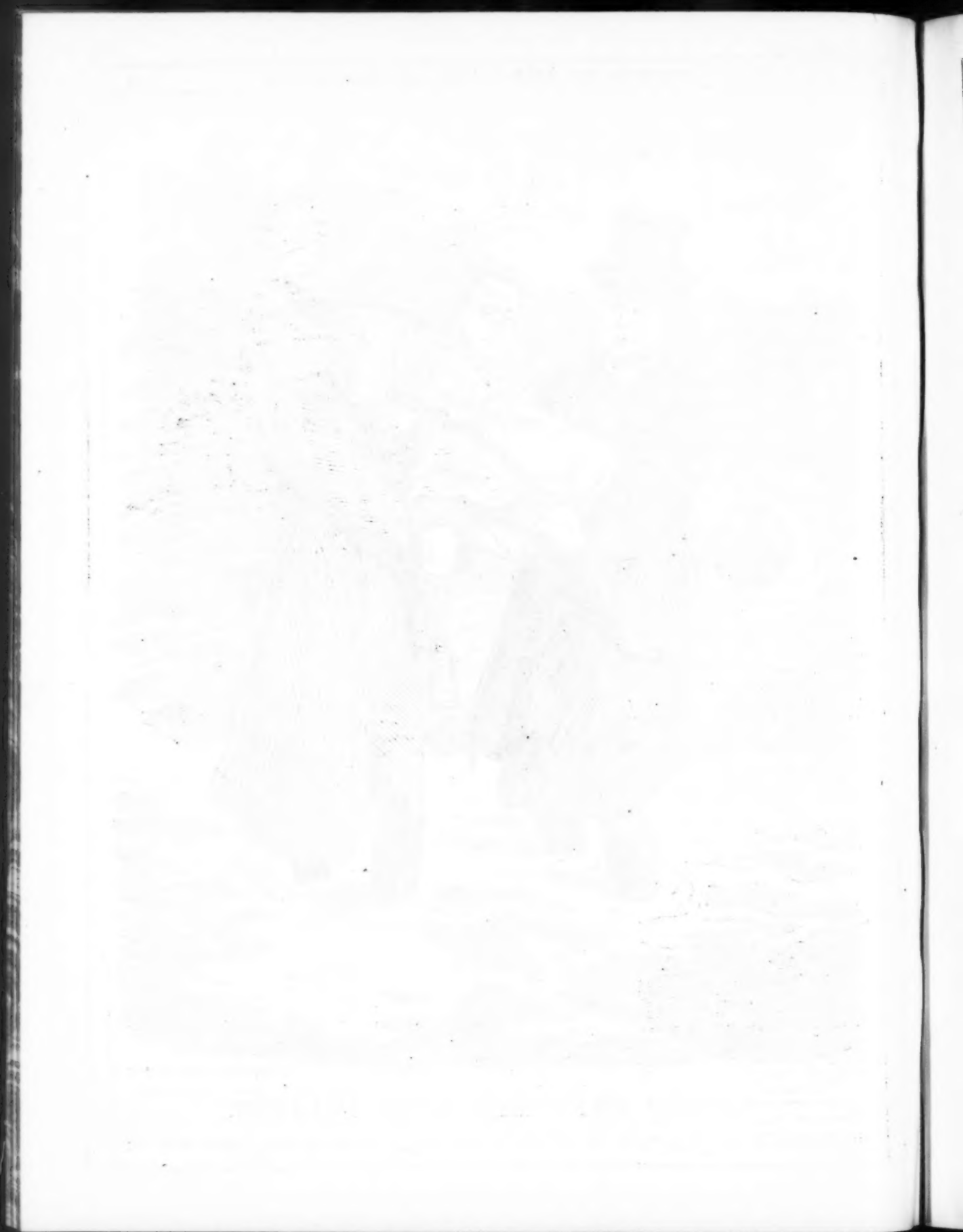
"A first edition of Homer, 1488, realised
the sum of £250 at Messrs. Hodgson and Co.'s
rooms yesterday."—*Daily Mail*.

It seems that HOMER was later than we
thought. It is known that he sometimes
nodded, so he may have overslept him-
self.



LINKED SWEETNESS LONG DELAYED.

MASTER RUNCIMAN. "SO GLAD THEY'VE JOINED HANDS; MAKES IT MUCH MORE COMFY FOR ME."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, November 23rd.—Bobs once more in the imminent deadly breach, waving the red flag of danger. With military instinct entrenched himself on the Cross Benches. Can thus keep an eye on either section of the allied forces of officialdom. Never since LOCHIEL received his warning has there been so impressive an utterance.

Locherewe, Locherewe, beware of the day
When the Germans shall meet thee in
battle array.

No mincing matters with Bobs. "No offence meant," he said, "and I hope none will be taken." All the same was not blind to fact that in the northern ports of Germany there are moored all the year round ships capable of transporting 200,000 soldiers. Whither are they bound? Evidently not meant for cruising in summer seas. With State railways converging on the ports; with the telegraphs under control, the Press muzzled, 150,000 men might steal aboard, and, before you could say BOB HALDANE! they would be disembarked on British shores.

And what force would they find awaiting them? Bobs, a regular Calculating Boy when put to it, worked out a residuum of 40,000 citizen soldiers left to stop the triumphant march of 150,000 of what he described as a matchless Army. He demanded a million trained soldiers, always at home, an invincible cordon within whose outstretched arms the nation might sleep o' nights, none daring to make it afraid.

Business done.—On motion of Bobs, V.C., House declared opinion that the



Falconer Balfour. "Bravely done, good bird! My trusty 'Lansdowne' tiercel never fails me!"

defence of these Islands necessitates immediate attention of His Majesty's Government in direction of establishment and maintenance of effective army.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Some sensation created during Question hour by excited entrance of JACK PEASE. Members noticed that the Whip was made up in what was, considering brevity of time for preparation, striking presentation of Lord Rosse, "a nobleman of Scotland" centuries before SINCLAIR became Secretary of State. Making his way to Treasury Bench, he edged himself in between PREMIER and the statesman whom in post-prandial exuberance a noble lord insisted upon addressing as GEORGE LLOYD.

Leaning towards ASQUITH, J. P. hoarsely whispered:

I have words

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,

Where hearing should not latch them.

Asquith Macduff. What concern they?

The general cause?

Jack Pease Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound

That ever yet they heard.

A. M. Humph! I guess at it.

J. P. R. Your autumn session's smashed; your bonny babe
Savagely slaughtered.

Asquith (getting a little tired of this sort of thing and dropping into prose). In other words you mean that the Opposition Peers, meeting to-day at Lansdowne House, have resolved to throw out the Licensing Bill on the second reading.



THE PATRIOTIC "DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT."

Earls R-b-rts and W-m-ss beat up for the defence of the country against invasion.



ROUGH ON STRACHEY.

Mr. Stanier. To ask the hon. member for South Somerset, as representing the President of the Board of Agriculture, if there are any animals now on their way from Pennsylvania to Great Britain, and, if so, will they be watched and destroyed?—Extract from "Questions," Nov. 23.

J. P. R. My lord, you've hit it on the nob.

"Humph!" repeated ASQUITH, pursing his lips, shrugging his shoulders, and tightening the fold of his arms across his chest. "What's the next business in our programme?"

J. P. R. (naturally indisposed after the trouble of his make-up to talk as if he were in the Lobby). May it please my lord, the Education Bill.

Asquith. Very well, we'll get along with that.

After this, appropriately enough as showing that Scotland stands where it did, House took up consideration of the Scotch Education Bill. GULLAND moved amendment designed to substitute title "Scottish" Education Department for "Scotch." Pledged his authority as Member of Edinburgh Dialectical Society that the word "Scotch" is here out of place. In the Edinburgh Directory there are 123 Scottish societies, only three Scotch. In Glasgow the proportion is almost precisely the same.

Scotch Members—or is it Scottish?—moved uneasily in their places. Are dying for a fight with somebody; eager to show their independence of Government authority, especially on matter of detail that would not involve Ministerial crisis. Happily LORD ADVOCATE on Treasury Bench; saved situation by adroit turn.

"Suppose," he said, "the Hon. Member, feeling athirst after this discussion, were

to go to the bar off the Inner Lobby and ask for 'Four of Scottish,' would he get what he wanted?"

That settled the matter. The Scottish—I mean the Scotch—are above all things a nation amenable to reason. Not only was Report stage of Bill forthwith passed, but the third reading was by permission taken.

House of Lords, Friday. — YOUNG WEMYSS seated at the Table with hand to ear is not really trying to catch the words falling from the lips of the noble lord on his legs. He is dwelling with satisfaction on the prospect of the long arm of Justice presently reaching a Government who, the other night, resisted a resolution jointly composed by BONS and himself insisting on the creation of an Army capable of meeting the enemy in the gate. A fair-minded man, with a soul above Party politics, he admits that the present Government is not alone in its guilt. A little more than three years ago, PRINCE ARTHUR being then Premier, backed by a host in Lords and Commons, he had submitted a resolution identical in spirit with that moved on Monday by BONS. What happened? At instance of LANSLOWNE, then Leader of House, it was unanimously adopted. What followed in way of practical result? Why, nothing.

Still the late Government had politely accepted what the present one rudely refused. And now they were about to be hammered out on the anvil of their

principal measure, for which the Commons had made the great sacrifice of an Autumn Session.

Anyhow YOUNG WEMYSS had done his duty, had stood manfully by the side of comrade BONS, reinforcing his Resolution with a detachment of his own passed in July 1905. The friendship between these veteran warriors is touching.

Many-medalled BONS sometimes affects to envy YOUNG WEMYSS one of his medals. It is certainly unique, not only in its history, but, when we remember War Office custom in these matters, by the promptness of its distribution. It was won at Waterloo. YOUNG WEMYSS was galloping in the charge on the EMPEROR'S Old Guard that turned the tide of battle. On his right rode "HICKEY" DOREEN of the Fifth. Halfway in the deadly course a cannon ball literally doubled DOREEN up. At the same moment YOUNG WEMYSS felt a blow on one of his right ribs which he took for a spent ball.

Returning to his quarters after BONA-PARTE had fled, he found, sticking in his tunic under his right elbow, the rim driven in so far that it touched his flesh, a half-crown piece. When the cannon ball struck "HICKEY" it sent the coin spinning out of his pocket, with the remarkable result recorded. To this day, visitors at Elcho Castle, Perth, are shown the coin reposing on a velvet cushion under a glass case.

But that is another story. To be precise, it is one of SARK'S.

Business done.—Licensing Bill thrown out on Second Reading by 272 votes against 96.



THE GENTLE O'BRIEN OF 1908.

What a transformation since the volcanic days of old!!



THE ARROGANCE OF WEALTH.

Lady Golfer (with great assurance). "MINE'S THE TWO-SHILLING BALL!"

THE CAPERCAILZIE.

THOUGH meriting the Muse's smiles,
I fear that mid the odes directed
To fowls that use our British Isles

The capercailzie's been neglected;
Faute, then, *de mieux*, perhaps this flow
Of gentle tribute will not be *de trop*?

'Mid tracts of barren Scottish hill,

Where pines against the heath look murky,
The capercailzie roams at will

In size much like a Christmas turkey;
Although there may be times when you
Will fancy him at least as big as two.

For haply, when the beaters stir

The roe deer through the firs and larches,
You'll hear a terrifying whirr,

And down the gloomy forest arches

The capercailzie hurtles on,
And, ere you've braced your nerves, again is gone!

Now, had you shot him in the head,

There's just a chance you might have
dropped him;

A quarter of a pound of lead

Elsewhere, I know, would scarce have
stopped him.

He'll often go away and thrive

On half a shooting party's "number five."

And even when you get the bird

He never wins the gourmet's favour,

And London dealers, so I've heard,

Ascribe to him a curious flavour
Suggestive of a chunk of wood,
Which spoils him as a marketable food.

Yet has he merits after all,

For, stuffed and safe from shots and shoutings,

He'll dominate your London hall,

And hint at pleasant Northern outings

Whene'er you see his haughty face

Glare from the glazed recesses of his case.

The Journalistic Touch.

Result of Mr. Punch's Great Competition:

First Prize:

"These alas, were depleted--nearly decimated in fact--as out of 200 choristers only about 70 responded."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

Honourably Mentioned:

"A railway servants' concert in Huddersfield without Mr. William Riley as a soloist would, if it had not occurred once, be an unique circumstance."—*Huddersfield Chronicle*.

"Of the two well-known hymns 'Lead, kindly Light,' and 'Crossing the Bar,' Wesley, in the preface to his own hymn-book, said: 'Here is no doggerel; no blotches: nothing put in to patch up the rhyme.'"—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

In the next issue look out for COWPER's comments on KIPLING's "Recessional."

"Reports of the murder of King Peter were spread throughout the monarchy yesterday, but a telegram from Belgrade says that nothing unusual has occurred."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

This looks as though the reports might be true.

JOTTINGS OF A SMALL HOLDER.

APRIL.

OPERATIONS commenced on the first of this month. I am not superstitious, but wish I had put the inaugural occasion off to the first of any other month instead. Have at once received cause for disappointment, not to say chagrin. The Agent from whom I purchased the place in the first spasm of Land Hunger, assured me it was light loam. It turns out to be heavy clay. Perhaps not quite so much will be said in future about the swindling of countrymen who come up to Town.

Have had hard work this month, the labour being quite strange to me. Have stocked the Holding with three cows, some pigs, a horse, a dog, some fowls, &c., but it all appears as strange to them as to me, and we seem to pass a lot of time staring at each other, as if we don't know where we are. I suppose we shall settle down in time. At any rate, I must remember that I am a Pioneer.

I understand that a revenue of £600 per acre can be obtained by the French Intensive system of cultivation, and I have purchased the chassis and cloches necessary for one acre of land. Old-fashioned inhabitants of the district are much amused at this branch of my undertaking, but "he laughs best who laughs last." The profits from this acre alone will more than cover the expenses of the entire Holding.

MAY.

Have been much impeded in my operations this month, the weather not being ideal. It should have rained in April, but remained dry. The land is now saturated with daily downpours of rain, and great clods of clay stick to the soles of my boots, making progress about the land difficult. I must take to wearing heavy boots, although I detest them: light ones, though covered by goloshes, are unsuitable.

A man named MILLER from the village offered to milk the cows for me, but I declined, desiring, as a true Pioneer, to carry out all the work myself. My success with the cows has been small, however, as I find they have an inexplicable antipathy to me, and make the task quite a dangerous one. I think I shall take on MILLER, after all.

I understand that the French Intensive system of cultivation is already being discussed seriously in the village. I am indeed a Pioneer, and, as I have before written, "he laughs best who

laughs last." I have just read of a case where an acre of hitherto unproductive land has returned no less than £800 in one season worked on this remarkable system. On this basis, I already see my Small Holding grown to a proud Estate of many acres, with noble mansion, hunting and fishing; and myself a J.P. of the county.

JUNE.

I lost my horse this month. A big thunder-storm at night did some serious damage to the stable roof. I found poor old Tom next morning standing in about three or four inches of water, and I don't

MILLER gets plenty of milk from the cows, but unfortunately I have been unsuccessful in obtaining a market for it, and have been obliged to ask the Cottage Hospital to accept the surplus—which is the bulk. However, I hardly think it fair of them to make me deliver it, and have more than once been on the brink of pointing this out to them.

JULY.

A craze has set in throughout this district for the French Intensive method of cultivation, and quite a number of cloches have disappeared from my Holding. I did not doubt that my example would be followed in course of time, but all this enthusiasm will certainly have the effect of ruining me morally or materially, for I must either lose what I have spent on the cloches, or steal these articles where I can find them.

Have had to turn to lay-making. Had friends down to assist in this health-giving labour. I saved nothing by this plan, however, as entertaining these friends has come a good deal more expensive than hiring hands. However, we have had a rather good time this month. Pioneering can be deadly dull, unless you bring a few friends along now and again.

I hope there is nothing the matter with the pigs. They don't seem over well. It will indeed be disappointing if anything is wrong, as they are just getting ripe for turning into pork and bacon.

AUGUST.

The pigs have got me into trouble with the authorities, and it appears I am liable to various fines. I am only just beginning to learn how absurd are some of the laws on the statute books. All the pigs have been destroyed, and I am spoken of with opprobrium because they contracted swine fever! What kind of fever do these people imagine to be the right one for pigs? I cannot help being sarcastic. I am beginning to lose patience all round.

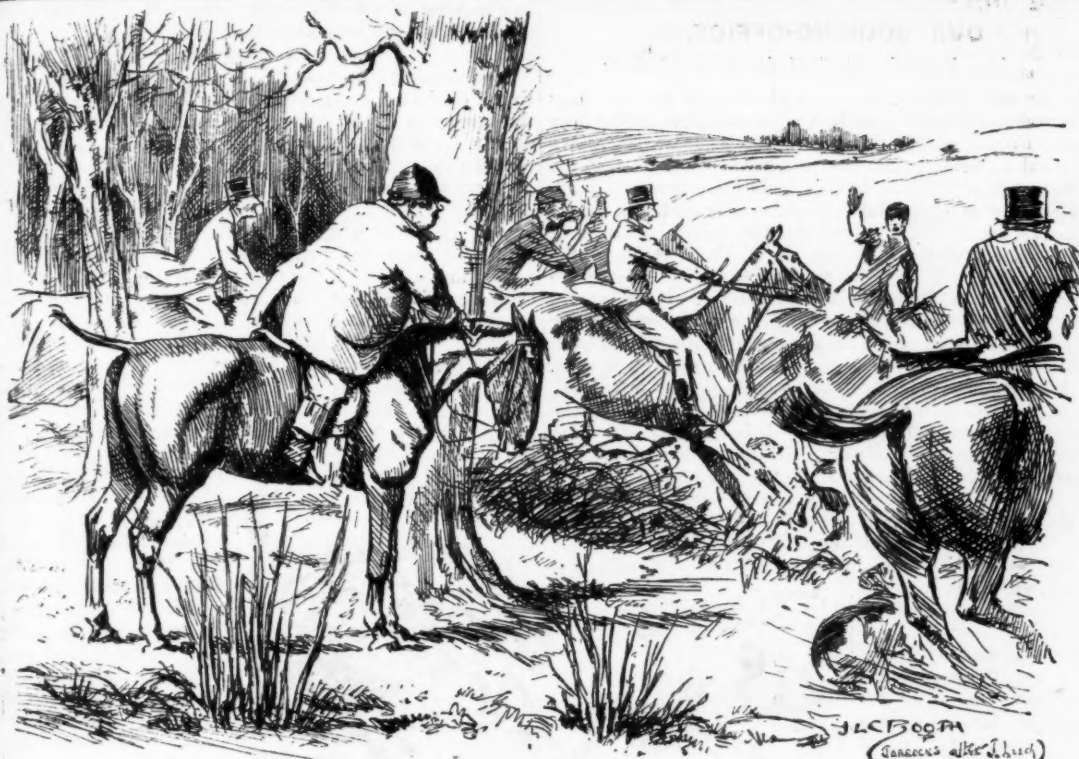
I am glad to say that two acres which I cleared, ploughed and sowed with an enormous amount of toil show signs of coming forward. Green shoots are to be seen everywhere. They should be potatoes. I hope they are potatoes.

A disaster has happened to my hayrick. It has taken fire, and not a wisp of it has been saved. It appears that unless stacked in the proper manner combustion may generate in the heart of a hayrick until it spontaneously breaks



"I SAY, GRAN'PA, HOW D'YOU KNOW JUST HOW FAR UP TO WASH YOUR FACE?"

suppose he had had a wink of sleep. Pneumonia, complicated by acute rheumatism, ensued, and although I procured the best veterinary aid obtainable, he grew gradually worse, and at length succumbed. This is a sad blow to my enterprise. MILLER's father, who is the oldest inhabitant of the village, came up just after poor Thomas's death, and was much affected. He said he and Thomas had been playmates together as youngsters, and his eyes were dewy with tears as he contemplated the dead body of his old companion. I think, however, that MILLER Senior must be mistaken in this matter, as the man who sold the horse to me gave Thomas's age as eight years only.



JORROCKS IN 1908.

("Mr. Jorrocks counts twenty."—*Handley Cross*, Chap. II.)

The Hero (eyeing the thrusters). "COUNT TWENTY INDEED, THE NASTY, STIPPLECHASIN' BEGGARS! THE ONLY NUMBER THEY CARE ABOUT IS NUMBER VUS!"

out into flame. Never again shall my Town friends do my haymaking.

SEPTEMBER.

A new enemy has appeared this month in the shape of foxes. My fowls have been decimated, and MILLER says it is the work of foxes. But what I cannot comprehend is how the foxes succeeded in forcing the padlocks. MILLER, dilating on the cunning of foxes, says that they have been known to be capable of feats that would be marvellous even for human beings. This may be true, but it would not be so marvellous for a human being to pick a lock.

Did some rabbit shooting this month, but the creatures in this part seem to be specially trained to avoid guns. I thought I had killed a fine one—a hare, perhaps—but it turned out to be my neighbour's dog. I quietly buried it; and my neighbour made a tremendous hullabaloo all over the place. I have kept discreetly quiet. And now, without any proof, or, for that matter, without any expressed suspicion, he has deliberately shot my dog, and I am obliged to keep quiet about that too.

The potatoes have come up, and turn

out to be mangels. I felt there was something vague about the arrangement when I purchased the seed.

OCTOBER.

The milk has given out, and I have decided to give up cows. I have received a proposition from the Cottage Hospital which I regard as somewhat one-sided. They ask for a substantial monetary subscription in lieu of the milk.

MILLER also is looking to me for something to take the place of his milking job: he says he took it on to accommodate me, and lost other employment of a lucrative nature in consequence. This is hardly credible, seeing that during the first month he would lean over my fence watching me at work all day, doing nothing himself. He has further stated that the law in the country parts, under some Wild Birds and Gamekeepers Act, is that if you employ a man for the summer months you must continue to employ him during the winter. I don't believe this, but suppose I cannot escape the responsibility implied.

NOVEMBER.

Have balanced up my books this month, and have produced a Profit and Loss account. It shows a net profit of no less than £1,243 14s. 7d. This, however, includes the sum of £1,500 left to me by an uncle in the month of June.

Have decided to winter in Town.

The Pessimists.

"The store of heat in the sun could not last for ever. It would give out in time. The sun would gradually cool, and with the extinction of the sun all life on the earth became impossible. (Applause.)"—*The Falaucorth Co-operative Messenger*.

"Appleyard, the ex-Newcastle-Oldham pivot, who in his wanderings has graduated back to his birthplace, appeared for Grimsby."—*Newcastle Journal*.

"Going home by degrees," as a less inspired paper would have put it.

"The branch dissembled at 11.20 p.m., the opinion being generally expressed that all had spent a most profitable evening."—*The Clerk*.
How well we know that sort of dissembling.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT has been challenged, on this page and elsewhere, to write a modern novel, and now, in *Halfway House* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), he has picked up the glove. We all wanted to know what *Mercutio* would look like off the boards, and here we have him in homespun tweeds. Well, let it be said at once that he retains a considerable air of distinction, but it must be added that the artificial atmosphere of the costume-play still hangs about him. Some of the minor characters, it is true, smack of reality—a pleasant Rector, his not so pleasant wife, and, most of all, the young man *Duplessis*, who exercises a sinister mesmerism over the very plastic and susceptible heroine. But neither she herself, nor her husband, seems to correspond to any recognisable type. A little mix of a governess, commonplace and provincial, we meet her first at a parish treat catching prisoners in the game of "Oranges and Lemons." "It is the strife of love in a dream . . . for what cuddling girl but mimics there the transports she is to know one day?" (How Hewlettian a touch!) After a course of innocent spooning (I can think of no other word sufficiently banal) with just any youth who happens to be handy, she marries, for no particular reason on either side, an elderly gentleman of ponderous habit and rich estate, and at once develops, as to the manner born, into the assured châteline of a great country house. With equal suddenness she becomes enamoured of Nature and the Open Road, and throws in her lot with an amateur Romany, itinerant in a caravan. The influence of Mr. THOMAS HARDY is traceable here, just as the literary style, at first and before the author grew weary of his task and pushed the pace, shows evidence of the influence of Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH. The book has much charm, especially when it brings us in touch with the delightful methods of the gentleman-gipsy; but it would scarce have served to make the reputation which Mr. HEWLETT has long ago won in the field of archaic romance.

In *69, Birnam Road* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Mr. PETT RIDGE tells the story of a simple suburban circle. It embraces *Ella* and *Fred Hartley* (who is known at the office as "Pants-the-Heart"), their *ménage*, their relations, their friends; but one need hardly say that there is much more in the manner than in the matter. Mr. PETT RIDGE has two ways of relating occurrences, and either way you feel that they really are occurrences. He reports the actual words (for the majority of his occurrences are conversations); or he presents them obliquely with a scarcely discernible commentary, as when, the baby being more than seriously ill, "a curate called and left word with *Florrie* that it was all ordered for the best." "Left word" is Mr. PETT RIDGE's comment, and its brief presentment of the curate's business-like smugness is typical. The family gets on. *Fred*, indeed, develops from a state in which *Ella*, late a school teacher, scarcely allows him to speak in company for fear of howlers, to one in which she is at a loss for a word meaning gentleman to describe him. I am not quite sure whether this change could actually be wrought

in the time which the author allows it. But the process and the effect are very pleasant.

Approaching the task of depicting the story of *NADIR SHAH*, the Turkoman soldier of fortune who, mounting the throne of Persia as recently as the eighteenth century, almost rivalled the conquering marches of KING CYRUS, Sir MORTIMER DURAND halts between two opinions. Shall he treat the subject in the ordinary form of biography, or shall he write a romance, with the ruthless soldier for hero? He chooses the latter, more difficult, way, and has admirably succeeded. In *Nadir Shah* (CONSTABLE), whilst presenting a full, informing account of the marvellous campaign that at one time promised to throne the Persian on the Bosphorus, he permits himself, unfettered by the shackles of historic fact, to introduce a love episode. Furthermore, there are sketches of Persian scenes and characters which, out of place in a historical record, lend charm to the pages of romance. One finds in *NADIR SHAH* a prototype of NAPOLEON, who was born a few years after the Turkoman's tumultuous career was closed by the assassin's dagger. There was the same military capacity, the same painstaking preparation, the same swiftness and concentration when at the

appointed moment the blow fell. In personal character there was the same imperiousness, the same thorough selfishness, the same relentless cruelty where private or public ends were to be served. It does not form a pleasant chapter in "the proper study of mankind." But it is fascinating.

It must, I think, be rather nice to be Mr. EDMUND FRANCIS SELLAR; not, however, because he has written *Glentyre* (BLACKWOOD), but because, having done so, his

power of self-appreciation, and perhaps also the applause of his friends, were such as to persuade him that the general public would derive six-shillings' worth of entertainment from its perusal. How splendid to have friends like that! Did they actually laugh, one wonders, at the crocodile mistaken for a prehistoric monster, or at the habit, common, apparently, to all the author's personages, of tumbling down upon the very slightest provocation? Enviously, and with the best will in the world, I must confess my inability to follow them. Indeed, to speak by the book (a sufficiently weighty fashion in this instance!) the attempt to make a Scots *Cranford* of the village chronicles of *Glentyre* seems to have been doomed to failure from the outset. Honestly, Mr. SELLAR has not quite the touch for this kind of thing; and though, to do him justice, here and there traces of a genuinely comic idea are discernible—the old lady who has been told that she "understands gentlemen" is a case in point—his humour may be compared to a very small Scotch diluted with such a prodigious quantity of flat wordiness that the result was bound to be insipid. Still, it is always dangerous to dogmatise upon humour, and possibly amongst the impressionable folk north of the Tweed even the funniments of *Glentyre* may earn their tribute.

"But no cause has ever yet advanced by noise; sound argument wins the day."—*The Globe*.

How these political writers love to contradict themselves.

EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—II.
ORPHEUS.